

THE LOWDOWN ON



"Wedded Bliss" in Hollywood

Members in the world do guys and girls have the tick to get hitched and unhitched as they do in America's movie capital. Here's a roundup of a glamer queen who changes husbands as quickly as screen as she does at

THAT DAY LAST MAY—when I drove out to Jerry Lane's home, high in the Hollywood Hills—I watched the first time my reporter had visited the woman who once had taken from the hospital I had spoken to but on the phone just the day before. And I told her exactly why I wanted to interview her. I wanted to get the full story behind the avalanche of sleeping pills she had taken... I wanted to know whether her "telephone" message to Lane Maxwell was finished. I wanted the whole truth from her own lips.

Okay, Russell. She hurried into the telephone. "I owe you this story. You were the one reporter who was kind to me when I was struggling to get ahead in the movie. You're the only person who hasn't written nasty things about me during this time. Come tomorrow. Don't fail."

The following afternoon I found myself seated comfortably in the kitchen, living room, or the dining room. The Jerry and Lane had lived in for ten years. On the wall was an oil of Lane and the two children, Michaela and Michaela, painted a couple of years ago by Jerry.

When Jerry came down the stairs to greet me, she looked cheerful. "It's always so good to see an old friend, Russ, dear," she said. Though she was rocking and fidgeting for while, she soon went straight, when we could talk over the children, their requests had quieted once they knew her. Her eyes was moist as ever, but it was apparent that she had lost considerable weight.

She asked how my family was, and I told her, but I could sense that she was ready to talk. But she wanted to postpone herself to me about the problems that had been bothering her for some time now.

Michaela and Michaela are both Model in Chicago, she said on the way of making an announcement.

"Is Lane her camp?" I asked.

"I haven't heard from Lane since he phoned me from Rome in the hospital," she replied. She said it without a flicker of emotion on her face.

Over that night, I asked "but you and Lane are finished?"

She thought about that question for a while before she answered. "We had a moment as Lane is willing to put up with a lot of loneliness in her marriage. I think that if Lane told me he wanted a divorce, I'd probably give it to him."

"You still love him?" I asked.

She nodded, and the tears began to rise in her eyes. "What about the sleeping pills?" I asked.

"It was all so sudden! I must have," she answered. "I had it at home in the family. I was supposed to take two before going to bed, to make the nerves. I took the two and went to sleep. Then I woke up, but I had forgotten that I had already taken my regular dose."

But, I interrupted, the police said you took the whole bottle."

At that point, Jerry's eyes seemed to add that she had meant when with sleeping pills. That's what I mean about the few people have been saying about me. It's been an awful horror! dear. The police, the reporters—everybody says I tried to commit suicide."

"You didn't?" I asked.

She pointed to the oil on the hall side of her family and said, "These two little adorable girls—and even Lane—I couldn't do something away too that to them. I know I've been scared up lately, but take my own life."

That was but May. Just one month later Jerry phoned and gave me the sad news story that she and Lane were happy. She didn't yet decide whether to file her an extraordinary divorce in California or to get a quiet divorce in Las Vegas or Mexico.

It all depends on how the property settlement goes, she told me. Lane and I are up to our ears in business deals. We've got a home factory in Mexico, a nearby factory in Brooklyn and a number of various movie studios which we're planning to buy a study of other studios in Massachusetts and Santa Carolina."

I asked the beautiful how much you were?" I asked.

I am completely sure at Lane saying. "What I want to do is get back to making pictures. I've signed to do three right in a row. The Washington Post is going to do Beverly Hills, and then I'll do the other two, then I'll do the other two, then I'll do the other two."

Her voice sounded a little more, but I ignored the word every word of what she was saying.

Two weeks later I ran into Jerry at Russell's. She was with Russ Henge. I asked her if there was anything new on the divorce. She shook her head and smiled. "That night, Jerry, I was in the Cook's a Hall. Then I was with Jack McLeod. Again I asked her about the divorce, and again she... (Continued on next page)

It's not her true—perhaps it's not even her trouble with her first husband, Jerry Lane, a partner in the movie business. It's not even her trouble with her first husband, Jerry Lane, a partner in the movie business. It's not even her trouble with her first husband, Jerry Lane, a partner in the movie business.



"WEDDED BLISS" IN HOLLYWOOD

shook her head and smiled. At the Ripley Hotel I saw her with little Chubby Checker and at the Coconut Grove with director MJM's Sherwood. It was obvious that Jerry was going to throw her love for her husband to wind out with a different man each night.

Meanwhile, coming from Rome were all those reports about a romance between Jerry and the 18-year-old Italian film queen, Rella Indolfina. I didn't want to bring the matter up with Jerry because I knew that was still carrying a tape for her husband. Yet, I also knew it would only be a matter of weeks before those things had to come to a head.

Then early in July I noticed a new man in Jerry's life. He was Harry Hershberger, wedding camera of a show at Reed in Los Angeles and then the West Coast Tell great-looking guy one of the teachers. Hershberger had a way of bringing out a soft expression in Jerry's face that I hadn't seen since before she and Lure Maxwell split up.

I mentioned him to her. "Isn't he wonderful?" she asked. Hershberger, who had been sitting by her side in their booth at Romanoff's broke in with: "There's no point in going ahead with any story. Just let's put that Jerry and I have no more fun together. With that he needed her and she wanted him right back."

Late that week when we were about Jerry wanted to see that Hershberger had called her to Harry him. Then she phoned with me: "There's no more the story, just Lure, dear. I will have to get the divorce and I don't want Jerry getting any more ideas and pursuing up the world."

I kept her secret until early August when she phoned me with the marriage story that she was flying to Japan. Months for the divorce. Hershberger would fly down there with her and as soon as she got the divorce they'd get married.

After filing my story about the divorce and wedding, I hurried over to Jerry's house for a cleanup interview on the Hollywood-to-Rome

"Harry is just adorable," she announced, holding out a tin can on the phone for me to listen to. She was generous. She brought me a Rella photo a Jagger and a Chevy a week a while and a 1968 vintage wrap. Not only that, but he loves Rella and Rella and they love him. He's taught them with a puppy and we're all going to live on his ranch outside of Palm Springs.

"When did you decide that he was the man for you?" I asked.

"She thought he's honest. One laugh. She wasn't before of Rome decided that you know Harry's a great spontaneous person, and all that 'Well I guess I fell in love with him when he began teaching me how to play bridge. But so kind, so funny...and I just love the expression on his face when he gets excited."

Jerry was gleefully as revealing before she was holding with excitement over the new life she was about to graduate on. Nancy Wilder who is her best friend, was always to be jealous of Jerry as well as divorce women.

It all happened so fast, I hardly had time to catch my breath. I flew down to cover the event, and on August 18th Jerry became Mrs. Harry Hershberger.

Because Jerry had to begin work on some on The Washingtons the happy couple had only a week for their honeymoon. They spent it in Australia then they returned to Hollywood.

In all the years I've been covering the movie industry beat, I've never seen a more colorful bride. On the studio set everybody cheered on the change that had come over the glamorous, film starlet.

"That time in the red" she referred to in her dressing room.

With Lure I believed her a spoiled child to often but Harry won't let me say that way. I've grown up. Life has true meaning for me now.

The Hershbergers seemed like a typically happy Hollywood couple married from. They smiled often at each other. All of us were very happy for Jerry.

After shooting on The Washingtons

was completed, the Washingtons went off for a three-week vacation in San Valley—a sort of normal honeymoon. While there an under-the-table scandal broke Jerry the leader has by Hollywood's rules.

I told myself sometimes she told me when she came back to Hollywood. I almost think that I'm dead-end photo.

That meant, of course, that Mickey of Sydney Hershberg in West Berlin would have to be photographed with the cameras that he had.

Then came suddenly a month later I received an urgent call from Jerry to come to his place near Palm Springs right away. When I arrived she told me tactfully that she and Harry had been away on a vacation in Trip in the United States, told history over her name. "She thought it was to go to Germany," she smiled. I told her that I had estimated myself to be there because before we met but her dream came to understand.

I had to admit that even I was surprised at the sudden turn of events. I went over to the house and found a check for the beautiful car whose eyes were now red from crying. After she took a nap she said, I could tell you things. A lot of things. But I'm afraid you'd get it, and the studio wouldn't like that Harry and I have been problems.

After I had estimated her that I wouldn't change her position she told me the whole story. She said of it I was correct. It began when we were married, she told me. If it weren't for the fact that the same thing happened following my marriage to Lure, I would be so scared right now.

If only Harry would be more patient with me.

Five days afterwards Jerry told me that Harry wouldn't be coming home for a month because he was taking an extended business trip to Japan.

Late that night I got a call from Nancy Wilder who was in Rome yesterday. Jerry's in the hospital. She screamed "the studio" but the doctor says she'll pull through. Harry came right away.



MAID'S NIGHT IN





HACIENDA HIDEAWAY



Gone are the romantic
hidalgos who once
upon a time would
come each night to ...





strum their guitars.

Yet, the mood isn't lost upon Bonnie Jean Wells, as she decorates this old Spanish mansion in Southern California.



THE JOKER'S GEMS



The Diamond is the no secret of the fact that many women beautiful to make contrails to come to using this device for their beauty. Recently a letter from a girl was deposited in Silvera in front the month of the subject mentioned there.

Not long afterwards a companion would call to the this as an companion later. He had the girl line up before him and began asking questions. As they stood shivering in the 40-45 degrees below zero temperature he said to our girl: How gay is?

Shrugging her shoulders she replied: I can't remember.

You bet your skin would like you still! the companion said back.

In the heart of the jungle, a stranded mother and her child looked up to see in a jet machine how overland.

What was that? the child asked. It's something that's pretty much like a blower, replied the mother. This one only not what's made.

During a nature class the teacher began talking her third grade pupils about the climate. Let's remember, she continued, how little children get out of their shells!

One of her eight-year-old charges who learned to respond: "What looks me to have they get it?"

During a class on geography another teacher asked her pupils where the Rocky Mountains were located.

In my country replied one youngster.

What is that? asked the teacher. That of them, came the answer.

At an art gallery a progressive was approached by two friends to get a progressive customer to buy one of the new abstract paintings that were on display. The customer made no bones about not being up to the modern masterpieces of foreign abstract artists.

In conversation, the gallery owner asked: Would you be interested in a snake?

Yes, please, come the reply. I'm a physician.

A bartender explaining why he threw out a customer who had been drinking too much said: When he came to leave he was lousy with liquor. Then I found he was lousy on land money.

In the nation's capital the Democratic reform of a newspaper focused the following entry: "While employed elsewhere under good-looked male employees between 40 and 45 years of age, but would consider friendship instead. Reply: No, Sir."

Two days went by when another ad appeared in the same column. Any man who did not succeed with the 40-45 please answer this ad: They 40-45 Two Hour Testosterone.

At a Hollywood party one of fifteen- and a recent interview called up to a handsome stranger and asked him:

Tell me something, if I were a man and were able to grant you three wishes, what would the last two be?

At a New York cocktail party a maid who had one too many ordered a lovely young man and began to pour his presence on her. At first she politely put him off by answering him with good evening and her 2000. However, the maid refused to take the last and last pouring her.

Finally the girl came out. Healy said when the girl, to 2000 following her filled by this, the maid responded easily: Oh, I thought you were not home!

I couldn't be! said the girl. It's normal!



"How remember what the doctor told you about cigarettes?"



*An
Honest
Affair*

Though he may be a confirmed bachelor, a man who uses his best girlfriend to sugar his life. I doubt, it makes for trouble.

"BUT WHY YOU?" I asked, wearing the drink mask and using the eloquent gesture. I would have thought that you of all people would have no end of party companions to hang with.

I knew J. G. replied. That's just the trouble. Everybody thinks that it's downright embarrassing.

I looked on the previous level—the look. After all, a good publicity man has to be everything to his client—gloating, sometimes for good reason. And also including. But why call myself names? He had for my public image.

It's only natural. I protested when it appeared that J. G. a meeting would go on forever. When a man is surrounded by beautiful women—beautiful naked women it that—one would think that he has an ample opportunity.

I know. Just because I make nude movies. Always the publicity boy that I am.

Nude movies. Have the word on art for your press releases. I feel like calling things by their right names today.

I thought an impulse to explain that a performer never calls things by their right names and called.

Just because I make nude movies. He went on dogmatically. Overcome that! It's such time with the studio. Well, I just can't.

The smile changed from frank to sympathetic—as obvious of standing power in the art of drawing out the client.

I feel like an older brother to these girls you see. I'm responsible for them. It was I who brought them into the (Cont. on page 44)

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINGUISHMENT

A BILLIONAIRE HAS A FLING

WANT TO
Be a Millionaire?

"LOLITA" FINALLY GROWS UP

OUR AMOROUS FOUNDING FATHERS

LOWDOWN ON "WEDDED BLISS" IN HOLLYWOOD

Our Amorous Founding Fathers

Through lives of liberty, America's early settlers worked to build a

nation. Yet, they loved women enough to find plenty of time to sleep.

BY CHRISTOPHER H. HARRIS







THE BLONDE WITH A GREEN THUMB



Lovely Joanne Duncan enjoys reaping what she's sown—surroundings of lush foliage in her back yard. As a gardener, she's earned quite a fine "reputation"



An elegant grace notes: How deeply rooted in the human body is the love for gardens and gardening. The moment you see that Joanne makes an effort of agreeing with it is one of her strongest. In fact,



THE BRASS HATS VERSUS

Movie moguls say the Pentagon is unnecessarily the military is convinced producers are square

BY JAY MARTIN

AS THESE WORDS are being written, a film is being planned in Hollywood that may well be one of the biggest hits of 1953 or 1954. It should have all the ingredients. Its top-casting man will be headed by Mark Douglas, its script by Ben Barkley will be based on the famous best-seller *Brass Hats* in Italy, which depicts with a plot of some high-ranking *Air Force* officers to overthrow the government of the United States.

Yet, with all this grand for it there is still a chance that the movie will never be made.

According to reports from Hollywood, the film's producers are afraid that the military will not fully relate to cooperation with them, but they feel armed resistance likely in the way of clearing the picture.

Only time will tell if the film company's worst fears are realized. But one thing is certain. All branches of the armed services have had their say in the production of motion pictures and will probably continue to do so. *The Army*, *Naval* and *Air Force* have required scenes involving military life to be set, scripts to be rewritten and so on. In one case—though neither Hollywood nor the Pentagon here is talking about it—last year postponed the studio to suspend certain projects.

Of course, the industry is not formal. Unless a movie were to involve national security there is no legal way to stop a film-maker from producing anything he wants to. Yet it is so explicit that a producer who claims a service script, undermines the dramatic value of suspending with the military.

If a film shows the Navy or Air Force in an opposing light, that service is apt to lend the pro-

THE SILVER SCREEN

Yet, both agree that while war may be hell, making war films together is "hell-on-wheels."

clash a number of its points. If the Navy tries to be happy with the script, the battle scenes will be withheld.

An example of this took place a few years ago when MGM was making the Navy comedy *Remember Midway*. The producers asked the Navy to place a camera outside of a beach-front California hotel. The Navy first asked to see the script, then sent back the answer: "No." It seemed that the picture was going to stifle its advance in the stuffy Navyway...the answer did turn up when the script was third time.

The other services operate in a similar manner. The Army will lend men and equipment that also only when the story is appealing. The Air Force will lend planes and technical representatives upon with the same reservations.

Why should we encourage a service on TV show

to this up? A service advertising effort was spoiled by making too long ago.

But why should the studios need the cooperation of the armed services? Can't they go ahead and make their pictures without Army Navy or Air Force cooperation?

Obviously they can. But there are two big catches.

The first of these is money. Doing a major war picture without help would double the cost of the movie astronomically. In at least one case the Army shaped a bill of costs, please to help out a movie producer. The buying of 10,000 extras would put an impossible strain on the budget of even the best budget filmmaker.

It is not only money that the services pitch in with. When Columbia Pictures made the movie *Midway*, Reed shot the fighting. (Over on next page)

THE BRASS HATS VERSUS THE SILVER SCREEN

in China during World War in the Army from four helicopters to get America's location for use as flying camera platforms. The price to the studio? About \$15,000 in gas and oil expenses. But they would assure that, as the added expenses that it would have cost to hire a special unit to do the same job.

At least as important as money involved in helicopter and here the help of the services is invaluable.

As the figures of Hollywood's income would tell you, without loans as much as a studio's overhead cost adds a limit to the screen. And this overhead costs the least.

Furthermore, everything else in an actual service movie must be made. If you are making a World War II flying picture, for example, the planes must be the proper kind for the part that the action is supposed to be taking place in. The same rule goes and everywhere else also has to be accurate. The only way that a producer can use the services is with the help of the particular service involved.

This is pointed up by one of the few recent movies about military life which did not receive such aid. The Three Stooges as G.I.s. The Air Force objected to the slapstick, refused to let the film company use one of their bases as a background. They did release some stock film and turned a few questions but that was all they would do.

This picture, however, was aimed at a young audience and was not expected to be included in any way. Military news of the Three Stooges are seen as an Air Force production. That could mean for them which act is a kind of slapstick comedy.

So they went ahead anyway and played it for laughs.

Another group, comedy, however, are not able to do this. Well, Disney's Moon Pilot needed as technical background as a management for its humor. The producers went to the Air Force for help.

They got all they needed and more but can believe certain changes were made in the script.

The movie was originally planned to show the flight crew help as a

comparative effect of all those armed services plus NASA, the civilian space agency. But the Air Force, which was not so interested in a battle to take over certain aspects of space research over the same as a chance to get its name perpetuated. When the movie came out the same way was in its Air Force effort.

During the making of the picture of women's Moon Pilot, received the benefit of Air Force help and technical advice.

Another film which needed and obtained help—this time from the military branch of that machine—was the Darryl F. Zanuck production of The Longest Day. In order to depict the 1944 D-Day invasion the 10th Century Film could, in total, 100 United States Army transport planes and equipment, a fleet of British ships plus 100 of Her Majesty's soldiers. 1000 soldiers from France as soldiers in World War II equipment and advice from Germany.

In return, Zanuck had to agree to let representatives of all four services see the completed picture and discuss whatever they didn't like.

It is interesting to note that at times of the experience various British advice felt that the film did not give enough footage to the English share in the campaign.

This particular objection to The Longest Day seemed to reflect a point that many Hollywood people have been looking in regard to allowing the different services to control movies of exchange for their help. Once you let them that they are more really satisfied.

There's no doubt that the military people are helpful. And the production was, day's dollar job, give the 100 red signal system and generally launch themselves out to see to it that you get anything you want. But once they get finished reviewing your script it's no longer your picture. It's theirs.

What sort of changes do the military make? Sometimes they want the movie to take their side as an advertisement, really the other intention they want more dignity and respect shown to the efforts of the

service in general. They want their own service portrayed as prominently and with all its official World War II prestige intact.

Sometimes they are bent to making substitutes. The upcoming film, Flight From Tokyo, for example, featured a romance between an Air Force sergeant and a shipyard it made captain. The Air Force brass, however, insisted upon that sub-plot with a terrified end. To them, when an enlisted man sees a lady officer so much less dignified, all he should do is salute. The romance was finally removed from the picture.

In this case the editing did nothing but help perpetuate the age old service class system. We believe that sort of thing goes on. One officer was reported to have explained:

"Well, we just don't like to publish a man's name."

In nearly every armed World War II story for instance the Germans and Japanese are as who-watched today as they were described as from made during the war. A German officer is rarely shown as a helping hand. He is just a bad, horrible man, living his best life along with many physical excellents. Now are the Japanese shown as especially cruel or cunning as their treatment of prisoners of war.

As one famous comic said upon seeing a recent World War II picture: "It seemed a shame that the Germans lost."

Behind the scenes however, the State Department has been pushing the military to convince Hollywood to let the past, but that's that.

Another area which the armed forces are bent to keep producers away from is that of military statistics. A recent issue of The Wall Street Journal contains a column right dealing with a general whose ambulance took him to and poorly equipped police who rushed during the Korean War. The Pentagon's reaction seemed down the producer's request for help. The picture. They said would show Air Force personnel as undisciplined, rather inefficient and glory seeking. The script is now being changed in order to overcome this. (Continued on p. 111)





JACKIE GLEASON'S

NOT LONG AGO a critic
discovered about Jackie Gleason.

"Audrey has been one of
the consummate artists in the
theater today. He has a
knack of turning up a gold mine
of top talent to work with
him. That is high praise indeed
and one cannot help but
note that such tribute was
merely to rub off on Jackie's
discovery—except of
whom is a lacrim-eyed bundle
of curves and talent,
named Audrey Tormé. Born in
Chicago, 34, 23 years
ago, this beauty has devoted
early in life to put time
in her frame via the
syrup-sauce classes to post
rubs and began getting her
training at the Boston
Dance Theatre, where she did
current work. After that, there
followed night club bookings,
including the fabulous
Latin Quarter in New York City.
Then the "Great One"
discovered her and she went on
his show. Those who have
watched Audrey perform say she
marries even the most
modern routines with classical
precision. This—one might
note—is a lot of "bullet-hoo"
but it is well-deserved.
You'll be seeing lots more of
this beauty as time to come.
And after looking at these pages
what's ever word to man her?"



NEW DISCOVERY

The "Away We Go" mom's head-bustling farcule with a good dancer, it won't be long before you'll be saying, "Away she goes."





As the old goes, all the words

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Although she is not nearly so temperamental, Audrey feels that she can be deeply moved by the work of a great many twentieth-century



She may be a long hair stylistically, but she's not a statue. Her taste is where Marceling is often modern—and so is her taste in men. "I like them to be in the know," says Audrey "but they should be understanding, too."







The Woman Bowl

There was nothing in the conference rules that said a college couldn't send out an all-female

football team—and I'll have no trouble proving that too much during the annual contest.

IT'S ABOUT TIME for the tests. There have been a whole slew of rumors and reports about the way Fresno College managed to win its game with Hollister last season, but as far as I know all the facts have never been brought out. That is, until now.

First, though, I'd better tell in some background. Fresno—named for one Andrew Fresno who made a fortune in milkmen during the 1880s and left it all to higher education—is a small mechanical school located in the Midwest. Along with five other equally small colleges it is a member of the Trans-Pacified Conference.

Usually Fresno is a casual and easy-going campus. But it takes its football seriously. At any time during the season, a quick look will tell you how the team is doing. If things aren't well the previous Saturday night, the players talk to themselves, the coach looks like something's off, and even the professor of

classical languages seems restless that week.

The most important game of the year is the one with Hollister, which comes at the end of each season. Fresno has played Hollister for 48 years and for 52 years Fresno has not lost. The only tie came in 1937 and the school has won eight of eight years for the remainder of the school year.

If Fresno were to lose to Hollister, the coach would not only be fired, but probably hung by gallows. I don't think so either.

"That's ridiculous," in which I come in. I'm the coach.

It was my first year in a coaching position and as the season rolled along, I became more and more convinced that I'd done the right thing in not playing yesterday. It only is so easy to forget things after the fact. We had won all but one of our games. As for Hollister, I had a 100 percent record. All losses and all by big heavy margins.

Little seemed to be making a stir

I was young—not too much older than some of my players—and the future looked good. To top it all, I was at home with a well-thought-out record. Last year, when I played to carry out to win at I got used that my student was removed for another year.

That memory of course helped me the big game. But the very Hollister was going to show I have my secrets on that issue.

Then it happened. Without changing in under, we took me a game—right from the bottom of the heap.

It was the following night. Our Hollister game. About two hours before we had my last shot to last game with a certain school from over the state line. President McDaniel who despite my name still had told them he should have kept an older man, had dropped in to explain how I could have been. Gained by an even bigger score.

When Dave Barry stepped quickly at my door and walked as I was glad to see him. (That one is the)

"LOLITA" Finally Grows Up

Forever Asafand, who was introduced in David Lynch's twisted, twisted ways when she was 15 years of age, has taken on the year-on task of leaving the sexy kids out of her life.

BY ROBERT LANE



David's a star with the sporty sophistication ended in November at 11:00, with the final heart attack



Following Flynn's death, Beverly's life had several more setbacks, and she was made a ward of Los Angeles courts. She began cohabiting with night club owner El. Finally in 1941 she married designer Maurice Delmon.

ON JUNE 14, 1941 some of the newspapers in the United States carried the following story with a Las Vegas headline: "Betrothed Beverly Aadland, teenage traveling companion of the late actor Errol Flynn, married Maurice Delmon, designer, in suburban chapel for the Los Angeles-based of Mormon. The ceremony was performed in the Silver Reef Wedding Chapel here."

However, her life, like most things about her, was not as happy as it first seemed. Just over a year before the marriage she was having her difficulties with the Las Vegas authorities. The reason: "She was unable to prove herself over 18 years of age. Eventually, though, the situation was solved and, guaranteeing the world's most celebrated 'hot tale legend' in contrast to a new incident in a married marriage."

But in the hotel lobby by Vladimir Kholodov was an extraordinary scene: portraits of what otherwise might be considered a situation, perhaps from a situation, so far, the Beverly Aadland story has been played with some drama. Even the last-minute hotel in the wedding place has to be considered heavy when one considers that the Las Vegas officials had already been that Beverly was with great. At these moments on stepping to the lobby of the two, the bride-to-be had noted documented evidence of her age could only show down during the event.

During a celebration that Beverly was made conscious of in an early age. Writing her daughter's biography, The Las Vegas, Maurice Aadland recalled an incident that took place when Beverly was ten: "A very heated man, an authority on Russian language who had traveled all over the world and written many books, sat down in his chair and had a very strange thing. He closed his eyes and passed his hand back and forth just above Beverly's bright blonde hair. I think I am not of a hair on the girl, he said. I think you will be terribly affected by this girl. I think you are going to fall over this girl. I have the feeling in my heart that she has the soul of death on her."

The need of much was not to be called out for another two years, but in the meanwhile Beverly demonstrated that she could, would come out of circumstances after the during her childhood she was a model. Furthermore, he the time she was having her vision

about her, she had completed a technical course called The Story of Myles.

Thus it was that when Beverly married her early love she had already obtained considerable experience in the sophisticated world of these famous people. As happened with many child models and performers on the threshold of puberty she was in the club when a "legend" came for the man who would take her.

But Aadland never to leave about the fact that Errol Flynn was the man, who first caught the heart of death on her daughter. "That's one thing I want to make clear right off," Mrs. Aadland wrote. "My baby was a virgin the day she met Errol Flynn."

According to Beverly, the day occurred while she was dancing in the night. Maurice Aadland says Flynn had been her job the art and talent designer. They had to produce him, to the. Later the scene started her to the Washington, D.C. Lodge where he had been staying and where an evening of conversation and working on art Flynn was the common topic.

"I was in a love with Errol, but I didn't want to let anyone else," Beverly recalled.

"While she talked the love theme was all over her—at her eyes, making her cheeks pink. Mrs. Aadland wrote about her daughter who was then all of 14.

At that, Mrs. Aadland was a little concerned for Beverly despite Flynn's great fame. "I'd read about his taste for the colorful rape of three two-year-olds in 1940," she wrote. "And I'd seen the headlines in 1941 when he was charged with the rape of a 13-year-old female girl."

When she finally learned the truth about the situation, Mrs. Aadland was considerably upset, but then as she wrote, Beverly said: "Mom, don't you imagine what it's going to be like with Errol from now on? Don't you imagine the lovely children the spending the famous people will meet? Mom, let's tell me how good I am for him. He's told me that we're going to visit the Aadland family all over again."

In a sense, the romance between Flynn and Beverly mirrored the October story that it did. Mrs. Aadland wrote: "The affair happened settings across the country, in Europe, Africa and Russia. As Beverly turned to her mother, there were plenty of lovely clothes, plenty of spending. The famous people she met included Aly Khan, The Maxwell, Nancy Clark, William John Kingling

The



Old Swimming Hole

Some issues prefer the ocean, others go for a modern concrete pool, but this issue's cover girl, Tally West, is old-fashioned. Away from crowds, she prefers the haven of a small, secluded pond. As she soaks with pleasure in and out of the water, you have to admit that she certainly "makes a 'haven-ly' sight."









IF *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* were about a girl instead of a boy, lovely Tuffy would make an ideal prototype. Like Huck, she loves the freedom of the outdoors, the feel of the soft sand between her toes, the wild joy that comes from taking a plunge into the deliciously cold waters of her favorite swimming hole. She's the sort of tomboy that boys — of all ages — never grow tired of





Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF LETTERS

GARY NICH • editor

WENDIE PAUL BARD • art editor

MURRAY SARTON • associate editor

MAY 1983
VOL. 4 NO. 4

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COVER PHOTO by James

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like to go out with younger girls? First looks more like these stuffy people! If so, you possibly could lose your job and it's all due to...

The Latest Vogue of



“BRAIN WATCHING”

DO YOU SUFFER from being too logical? Do you like to make up your own mind? Are you the sort of guy who prefers himself to being hip—on knowing the score? Do you read a service book every now and then? If this condition is troubling you, you won't get too upset. With a little time and effort you can become your personality into the shape of what E. L. Mowbray used to term *Positive Assurance*. And at last you shall at long last believe that you're better. That is if you want to get ahead in this world of the corporate ladder and the unending maze.

Don't think you can get away with taking some sort of middle ground—being just a little independent, say. This just won't do. If you want to fail it please do the management team for most any other team. If that doesn't you must be a happy-outgoing self-confident non-anxious type who believes that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Just to make sure you stay in the team and that you're got a secret brooder, for example a growing kind of expert known as personality factors are waiting for you from the middle to the gross.

A long look at these experts and the sort of man and woman that they are trying to push to the forefront is given by a new book, *The Power Windows* by Martin L. Green. According to Green the factors are employed by schools, colleges, other institutions, and most of all by the

big corporations. Their effect is to encourage conformity and discourage the bright non-conformist.

A man needs his first basic window to childhood, according to Green, and the second screen window for the rest of his life. Using such tests as the Bell Adjustment

Inventory, the Edwards Personal Preference Schedule, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the Kuder-Sick Test and the Thurstone Apperception Test, to name just a few, the factor theories of an apparently normal two-year-old kid's "disorganized" personality, of a high school boy will be systematically subjected to college, if the job applicant is the proper corporate type, and if the treated and treated employee is really a nervous who should be kept away from that position.

The strongest thing Green believes is that the tests don't really work. Tests and tests again that results have been shown as no better than chance and sometimes even less truthfully than chance. How does all this get in with an executive position of power, with some of America's greatest corporations following the tests method every last in their kind and promotion policies? Apparently it's come about through:

(Cont. on p. 42)



How to Chase Women and



In the realm of water sports, men can have a great opportunity to land a date of choice by playing role of protector and bough a strong ally.

IN CALIFORNIA, Adrenaline-pumping manapulas beaches to display biceps before most swimmers. In the course of these virgin exhibitions they do attract a female audience. However, that audience like most trials is transient. Few girls return the exaggerated muscle too evident of sudden weight lifting

and gymnastic. Moreover, as a perceptive observer, the California muscle exhibition offer most women. Muscles, are muscleheads! The more truth sometimes contact sports like football soccer and basketball boxing and wrestling of course are the same situation.

The sporting male can keep it

newsdays, the successful

business-men who no one won

with generalship are going

as far abilities that stress

togetherness instead of muscle.

Give a girl a sporting

chance to show off her best

form, and you'll find

the odds pretty good that

she'll be gone for most any

sporting proposition you

might care to make to her.

with a variety of sports and while enjoying them, he can attract a lady of quite notably enough to age itself release. By about analysis the standard male should embrace sports which are not so all that they are only practiced by a handful of lunatics, yet the sport should have the mark of a theatrical work. Unques-

Improve Your Health

BY
BRADY BELMAN

honestly, this is the one of the unforgotten. Therefore, an area of opportunity is always surrounding a sport, a highly recommended summer flavor which you must acquire in the element of muscular need on the sport. Any sport which allows a female to look perfect in clothes when they start as a candidate of that thought, any sport which commands a girl's figure is most important. A final note: Be sure to pick a sport which allows any female with rugged athletic skills to make a good showing.

If you like water sports don't pass up water. Any ball game can take a girl swimming. But the percentage of water set sport. First, this sport offers a challenge. The complexities of working with underwater gear and clothing immediately sets this sport apart in one for the sophisticated water lover. There is an intrinsic charm to the underwater world that play upon the imagination. No girl with grace and sensitivity could go unattracted by the purple play of colors, the knowledge of water called to the life as the immediate danger of coral just about the area. Not that too, but the comfort of water is literally like life. The old mythical mermaid can't compete with a streamlined leopold having a graceful trend similar to reach the entrance of a tropical cave. Once below your knowledge is enhanced by such problems as loss adjustment, change of direction and assistance during the course of underwater excursions. Naturally such activities are accompanied by the requirements of underwater communication. Any water is not recommended as a solitary sport but one in which participation supports safety. A final note: to completely experience to spend a week of therapy as he plays the role of professor and taught in diving under the tropical climate with efforts to clarify underwater and many only look to become water swimmers. If you're too hard to read off any message from these fingers your sensitivity will not pass a water recreation day a day.

On the field water the marks of dirt or less showing can't be ig-

(Continued on next page)



A girl will never feel rugged in a hunting posture while participating in shooting. The rifle is a transfer from the one kept up with her boyfriend.



AFTER THE HUNT IS OVER!

*Markswomen Ingrid Fiske
is no adept at hogging down as most
of the males out in the fields.*



*When night falls, she's a
traveller, finding their way home by
using points in front of a line.*





There is nothing like
spending long hours
before the fireplace,
with perhaps a bottle of
brandy on hand, to provide
a warmer spotlight to the
day's adventures. It's
an lovely scene—one
that's given a rare added
touch by legend, as
she turns this hunting
quest into a treat.





THE HORIZONTAL SELL

There's no place for women in big business and there's no place for sentiment in

the executive suite. These were things Wally believed in, but he was proved wrong!

THE FINANCIAL PAGE of the Times never looked brighter to Wally Warley than it did on the day that General Products Corporation came under new management. "The reason was simple: that was a caption that said, 'GENERAL PRODUCTS MAKES NEW PRESIDENT,'" was Wally's view among them.

When the reporter from the Times had asked him why Mr. Sam Laik had vacated the presidency, Wally told him that Sam had been such a boob, who was not completely certain. And when the reporter asked why Wally had been elected to succeed him, he said that he was too modest to comment on the reason why not-completely certain.

The completely true story was not fit for the Times to print. It started simply enough a few miles.

At first he noticed, in walking the offices of General Products two weeks after Sam Laik retired unannounced with the decency of a Gatsby office. It was Sam's way of finding out about a man. If the executive reported flustered by the president's sudden retirement, he did not seem to hold up well under Sam's growing stare; then he was probably an intruder, or at least delayed to General Products in his thoughts.

When Mr. Sam began into Wally's office, Wally was reading a sales report and yawning. He finished yawning and put down the sales report before smiling and smiling Sam a good afternoon. Sam's smiling appearance did not shake Wally up the least. As a rule in charge of sales he had a calm confidence. Everything from the sales man to the department was moving well and under Sam's scrutiny had called Wally to work, how that his boss was in his way into "Good afternoon, Wally!" said Sam.

"So, down Sam. Anything special I can do for you today?" Wally asked.

Sam sat down. "You know people around here forget that I have a kind too. I've got the board of directors in control with you people only have the to money stand. But when I'm in the company, we're all on the same. They had me up the target yesterday. Wally?"

"What's up?"

"Well, these problems of the board over 10% of the stock in the company between them, so when they don't like something I take care of it for them. They had that but report yesterday - so at the chairman's pull it, public relations."

Wally could find a problem being asked into his leg. It was his job to distribute customer needs and needs of General Products customers. The bill for an overnight arrangement, usually consisting of food, drink, hotel and gas, started up at two hundred dollars per customer.

Sam continued. "I explained in the board that that was an inevitable expense, an unavoidable cost. They were convinced but demanded that I find a means of cutting the cost. A major breakthrough of necessity."

"I was presented with this problem yesterday. (Over a 10%)



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BACKTALK

TRIZON AGAINST GLIZON

Dear ACE

Your foreign-sounding article on
Jokez Glizon in the March issue
helps to cement the underlying truth.
He's a cheap conman with a shoddy
tongue who never lives up, goes down
or forgets a line. Yet, just a couple
of paragraphs before the writer
Kamen & Carter noted Jokez
would commit every crime of every
lane, if not the previous wording.

The clever writing, apparently de-
signed to portray the "Great Man" as
a non-soluble problem in today's
unstable market makes I don't
think you give Jokez enough credit
for his shrewdness and ingenuity. The
majority of today's performers feel too
lazy to work too. Of course Jokez
was talent—but that was it.

Joe McCarthy
New York, N.Y.

GRANDMA'S SUISERS

Dear ACE

I've enjoyed reading your mag for
a long time now. You're full of
own thoughts and even though the
writing is short, it's quite as good.
I don't know how many I dig ACE as
a sort of off-beat, primarily com-
edy's magazine. So I guess when you
said that you're Ted Kutz,
"Grandma and the Kingtons" (March
issue) must have really "punched" her
for.

I'd sure like to know what that
Kutz was was thinking when he
decided that joke like Grandma
showered two sheets out of an old
bedroom. Evening that—and those
Kingtons wanted like something out
of Mickey Spillane and Raymond
Chandler. What a wild level! It's
as if he wrote a story about Albert
Einstein going to a wild party in
Carnegie Village and then deciding
to give up, belonging to the Com-
munist Party.

Arthur Doyle
Montreal, Q.C.

Dear ACE

"Grandma and the Kingtons" had
an excellent sense and I think one
that not often to be corrected. Yet,
why did the author use all those
vulgar words to make his point?

William Monaghan Jr.
Berkshire, Pa.

INE-BLOTTED OUT

Dear ACE

In your March issue you again
only got up the old-but method of
proving the immortality (An Old
Test to Save Your Personality). I
don't like to repeat my points
especially since I recently was
tossed down for an important job
on the basis of such a test.

Admittedly I realize that I may
have certain personal problems.
However, after having been the
president of my high school senior
class president of my college senior
class and a cum laude graduate I
question seriously whether the
leadership qualities of "personality-
problem teenagers" was justified.

Steve Whitfield
Wichita, Kan.

Dear ACE

Congratulations on your interest-
ing discussion of the old-but test.
I think it is the only valid method
being used today.

John Y. Calverton
Wichita, Kan.

HAPPY BIRTH

Dear ACE

Congratulations for bringing off
the true 1945 about British, you
Your article "New Them English
to the New England" (March issue)
must have given most the title of
"British English" (March) is nearly
what has taken place. I visited Brit-
ain myself just last year and I was
struck by how much more forward
the people than they were when I
was there during World War II.

David D. Smith
Chicago, Ill.



A BILLIONAIRE HAS A FLING...

When Paul Getty threw his most famous evening...

It turned into the hottest party of the year.



Paul Getty (left) was one of three million Getty invited for his evening. After the music got underway some guests went to smoking while others went to the pool, golfed (below). Paul Getty was photographer David Silver (top right).



A BILIONAIRE in fact, suddenly became only one billionaire in the world—and that man is Paul Getty. There it shouldn't be surprising that when the 50th Birthday Celebration threw a party for some up with a list that defies imagination.

Recently at his home, Paul Getty gave an example of his unyielding hospitality with an eye-opening house warming of about 1,000 persons were attracted. To back up the charge the billionaire party threw a list that had been every 10,000 dollars to his friends guests, served 1,000 hot dogs, 100,000 gallons of whiskey, wine and champagne. To back it all up was a daily feed.

The get-together at Getty's home included numerous activities, among which were some Douglas Fairbanks Jr. British government, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 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to problems of crowd administration and sanitation. It took a little time for the crowded visitors to get organized, but as the evening wore on the mood for frolicking got better. The Silverdome women began to cavort in the aisles of boxes that were reserved. Men that had been mostly of the malle and slow for the evening gave way to the lighter dancing couples, making couples and—of course—twins.

Suddenly everything became aware that the party's mood had changed and the time for wrapping it up had come.

Some of the guests changed into swimming suits, jumped into the pool and began frolicking about. Others jumped in without swimming, as swimmers. A few of the heavier riders the additional swimmers, began swimming. Some swimmers jumped about with the water. One swimmers casually of the water turned out to be photographer David Allen, who emerged from the pool dripping wet with the camera frozen. Undaunted by the darkness they had done. Swimmers tried to toss sleep back into the pool but were held off by less energetic party-goers.

By dawn the quiet voices of the early morning had long given way to morning shouts and shrill laughter. There were still plenty of guests left. And why not? Nobody really wanted the next day's Silverdome ballroom a thing to end.

Left alone went out the window of the ballroom in a room worn up. One of the guests' attention is to return to the powder room where her companion was and having a more active presence. Below left help to get in all the more than 2,000 last days around. Helpless photographer. Some for camera-aided. Right off tonight, who try to lose him back into pool.



For a ready-to-use **sample** **script** **away** **to**

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whether they consider it a good idea, they may still

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Put the lid on the cup.
 Remove tape that
 seals coffee inside
 during events
 stored in place.
 Pour coffee with care
 over bar as the
 lid is removed.

Abstract

It's got down here
and Paris is
moving against the
clock to make
sure her savings are
at stake by the
time the clock tolls
about midnight.





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 the new collection, visit
 our website at www.versace.com
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A big runway idea
 photographers often
 ask for: People
 sitting in the front
 row who wear
 nothing so the show
 lights can make the
 images of pictures
 seem like a party.





The woman in the image was asked how good the world would be if we accomplished what that mother bird is trying to teach, and she responded with a feeling of "surrendering."



YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW THE LANGUAGE

to make love around the world, but when in Rome . . .

BY RALPH BLANE

IN THE SMOKEY HALF-LIGHT thrown by street lamps and nearby cafes, a foreign neighborhood can be seen straddling down the lanes of Moscow's Gorki Park. Less well-dressed than their American counterparts but hard-boiled than their London cohorts, the men and women of this Russian territory, and not nearly so clean as their German cousins'—these girls, nevertheless, speak the international language, just as do all the others.

How does a man go about finding up his acquaintance with one of them—out, to be sure, for innocent reasons, but just, perhaps, to discuss how business is?

"In Russia," said a newspaperman just back from there, "you just nod your head, hand and feet and say 'Da, da-da-da-da'."

And after that, what do you do?

"Well," reported our Russian correspondent, "usually you walk. Or you ride the subway. Sometimes she has a friend along and at some critical point the friend disappears. Meanwhile, with appropriate gestures, you have managed to make her understand a few words of basic English such as, 'Where do you live?' and 'Do you live alone?' And she in turn has managed to teach you a Russian word meaning 'gay.' That's a pretty experience, isn't it?"

They're so capitalistic and so busy, in fact, that they can be seen at the central bureau exchange station plunking down wads of foreign currency to bribe the even bigger wads of rubles although the girls who stroll about Park charge only one ruble, or the American equivalent of ten cents, for their services.

Unfortunately, however, because Russian females

in Russia are unable to say the least. It takes a strong stomach to get close to most of their ladies of the evening. Most people live fast and live in a room, and in about fifty percent of the cases primitive toilet facilities are out of doors and both men and women are a capitalistic luxury.

"I thought," said our college friend, "that the way to convert the Russians to capitalism was not to send them copies of *Amoske*, but to send them a few *Cosmo* following airplanes. Two or three months in a western toilet and they'd be coming over to our side in droves."

Since there are no dry cleaning establishments, the girls' clothing is apt to be on the rainy side. This isn't helped by the fact that, for some reason, Russian girls—



and then, too, we know...don't want to take their clothes off when they make love. Perhaps because at home's top high prices they wanted to keep it for a decent dress or a decent suit that is essential in part with it even for a woman.

Also, we were given the full word of where we have to make love in a Russian. It's better to close your eyes when you kiss them. Most of them have had sexual work done and it's pretty crude sexual work. The worst girl I met in Moscow was a dreamer who she married—and then I found myself making back into a case of sexual work. You feel as though you're about to have a job.

But why we wanted to know in the so-called work on parades where there is no unemployment, no poverty, no hardship, are there ladies of the evening, who are traditionally supposed to be driven to the streets and because of desperate financial need?

They weren't there because of any desperate financial need, we were told. They're there mostly because they're lonely.

They sit for long hours in the red velvet settings of Moscow or Leningrad. They take up their time in the pink lotions of such efforts in Broadway and Hollywood. Their dresses are expensive, their hair is bleached, their lips and cheeks are heavy with make-up. They sit and stare at the evening foreigners who come and go, and wonder at least a little apprehensive, really, you think that he'll like one of the girls to go into the room without any particular intention and take into his hands this. Eventually they may make love to her afterwards...somehow with their girls or members of the family in the other room or in the hall of some apartment house or in the area of their jobs at the weather is good. Whenever it is, the basic idea is the same—some rule—and the girl is the same, too. They're always third-looking. Their shoes are always broken and badly needed and they never wear stockings because stockings are still considered a sin for the Russian political policy.

Having a date with a nice Russian girl, inspired a young man from a Southern college who has just to Moscow with the American Embassy. "Is a date like that means a thing to them? They just take it off with a date everywhere?" he.

Many of these girls attend the University and of them speak some English, but for the most they don't, as with about the American, the traditional film and the idea of a pair of stockings of a color of soap will catch the largest. Russian females are intensely interested in the living habits of young Americans and Americans by no means so much. "Why" asked one young girl recently, "do you Americans talk so much about sex?" How we talk for you or me and that is all.

The third in Paris is much more complicated. There, along the dark sidewalks of the Marais, the first corner the Place Populaire, the French continue plus the trade with all the passion of a Latin lover does stand out to be ignored. They all know their home English words. Love for money? And all the for a year has to say it, that's for a year? (meaning "the English money")

Unlike the Russian girl the Persian girl, either married or professional, doesn't trust in pink, but in a low wall to her. She's fairly as any girl trying to get between her and her prey. An area linked in her

the man will, after a suitable number of hours have passed hands in gradually dropped into a dark hallway, up the flight of stairs to a top window where room and there in a bed that has served many men, will on many nights, the chosen candidate will come on a quick businesslike way.

To meet a nice French girl who doesn't speak English the young American, this has only to park himself at a table under any striped awning of any Persian into on any day. He will find dozens of nice French girls seated around him. All the way to do is not wait that he would like to buy the girl of his choice a drink and he will soon find out whether or not his advances are welcome. A few hard phrases will get him from there to wherever the girl decides he's to go.

"Je Chers" meaning "I like you," will do for a starter while the drinks wait. If he's a fast worker. On out-



more is "salut a vous" into her where she lives and the next question might well be "Voulez-vous venir avec moi a la maison a vous?" which means very loosely translated, "Let's go up to your house."

How many French girls do not like American men? They complain that American men are reluctant to spend the necessary time courting or wooing a girl. A French girl takes lots of time with before and after that is important is romance. This needed speech French if you indicate that you have the financial wherewithal to show her a good time. She may go on a date with her French boy friend and consider a visit along the Seine to be the height of an evening's fun or a day may walk to a restaurant where a maid, but they can be had for the American equivalent of two dollars may satisfy her with a nerveless hand. But when she dates an American, money speaks a language all its own, and you may rest assured that your French girl friend will double back on her tracks if she takes you shopping and collect her possessions for whatever you were told.

You can have fun in France if you can afford it, otherwise your best bet is Italy and the best city not Rome but Venice. There, amid the strange silence which comes at a result of the total absence of highways or traffic, a romantic mood creeps into. (Cont. on p. 21)

SISTER ACT



When it's a family affair, modeling couldn't be closer—as is proved by this welcome reunion, beautiful Charlize Heston and her reeve-brother sister, Rita.



One big fear: that the girls may look like two peas in a pod, but there are other differences, too. For example, Rita is the quiet type, and likes to read a lot.



Charlize, on the other hand, is more outgoing and not shyer in front. Yet together these beauties stand like two peas in a pod. You could say—like Rita and Charlize.



A former swimming champion, Charlene at 11 spends her leisure hours in the water. Recently she was able to see well and play by modeling the swimming pool side.



When it's not a jumpy gal, Helen tries to keep her back riding her in little ones. But no momentary jumpy feel Helen wants enough to like her for the display.

Once it makes the job much easier, though not when they ride. Yet as the scene is by some spring doors to see including jobs is easy for both.



*We're looking for people who like to draw



Albert Einstein



Vincent van Gogh



Al Pacino



John Lennon



Martin Luther King Jr.



Bob Dylan



Paul McCartney



Nelson Mandela



George Michael



George Michael



George Michael



George Michael

I've been out to draw, America's 10 Most Famous Artists want to help you. Find out what they can do for you. It's not a job, it's a profession.

Since 1980, we have had more than 100,000 people who could find out what they can do for you. It's not a job, it's a profession. It's not a job, it's a profession. It's not a job, it's a profession.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking our off from our own careers, we pooled our common knowledge of art, the professional knowledge, and the personal skills we have which we wanted to help others through long successful experience.

Through the knowledge with 100,000 people who we wanted to help, we decided to help others. We decided to help others. We decided to help others. We decided to help others.

This amazing work is too helpful. It's not a job, it's a profession. It's not a job, it's a profession. It's not a job, it's a profession. It's not a job, it's a profession.

George Michael is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional.

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George Michael is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional. He is a professional.

Need for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other ways and means to help others, we decided to help others. We decided to help others. We decided to help others. We decided to help others.

Famous Artists Talent Test

I would like to find out whether I have an talent in drawing. Please send me a copy of the Famous Artists Talent Test.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Send me the Famous Artists Talent Test.

I would like to find out whether I have an talent in drawing. Please send me a copy of the Famous Artists Talent Test.

"The top of the chain, I'm damned good!"
 "Please, please!" he continued, "my rules are splitting. Wally finally contacted General!" and finished again at the pretty finished there. Let me explain. He said her the whole story.

Laure was shocked but agreed. They couldn't believe this back in Michigan.

"Would you still like a job here?"
 As a secretary, of course, Wally asked.

She nodded.
 "Now then, you'll work for me. I'm going to find a suitable woman should I'm going to shape a mine out from these girls. And we'll make a rule that they have to tell you nothing."

"Thank you for the offer."
 Okay, then I'll take you to lunch myself.

That's better. Laure said.
 The interviewing had been for Wally had to admit. He pointed him and another female, and Laure, who was out in front of the little hall and turned out to be a hell of a secretary. She took care of all but that day with the 21st of her new assignment. But even got her into some very big trouble. But she still had gotten to be big. Wally's job seemed to have her. They continued in Laure and found that they could leave her. She felt different towards them in spite of their vast experience in various ways.

The problem didn't was something for beyond what they had could have hoped for. Production was up side in keep up with orders. All over the country, jobs grown and big paper market chain was pushing my General Products and improving their competitive.

General Products was taking money and so were the girls. The girls were collecting commissions and stock because that made their high priced stocker share look like property. They were doing as well that huge lack was becoming really quiet. He would make things about General Products going smooth as of that day he could take no more.

He searched into Wally's office. Wally and Laure were calm looking.

"Good morning Sam. Coffee?" Wally offered.

"No coffee. I want to talk. He looked at Laure. You can wait outside. Miss Chambers."

"It is all right. I'll tell her what you said when you leave, anyway in the night as well stay." Wally said.

Laure didn't move.

Okay, Sam said, now then. Wally was in getting ridiculous. Production. Some of your girls are making little money than I am. I'm confident of General Products. Some of them had more work than I do.

"What else I do Sam, maybe

working?" They he wanted to it.

"We've got to do something. Sam pointed.

"Do you want to add back order?" Wally asked.

No.
 "Then what?"
 Well then, Sam. They don't keep track. I'd bet in short change that little."

"Clear?" Wally answered.
 Sam turned on his reasonable voice. Look, these boys will never know what happened. There's no reason for us much money falling into their hands. They don't need it and our firm hardly is a General Products."

But General Products is showing the biggest profit in the industry. Wally protested. "I can't refuse to get the girls to shut down! He wanted."

"Wally, I know it isn't steady. Okay. You may know what I want to do in future and dependable but I'm sure that I can find you a man. I don't who will think that she can. She. When do you, Wally? Either you do it or someone else will. It makes no difference to General Products but the difference to you is your job."

Wally stood up. He looked at Laure, whose face was so emotional black, and then at Sam. "I'm afraid I'm not. And as for a secretary, I think you're going to have to look pretty low to find someone to do your checking for you."

Sam turned to Laure. "What do you think Miss Chambers? Am I or wasn't?"

I believe the "Wally's" idea was not because it was better. The other side is in fact. Anything goes as far as the concerned. Laure said.

Then that, Wally? There were men outside, Sam said. Those were the words of your new secretary if Miss Chambers is agreeable."

It never General Products in any way that you think I'd be most reference. Mr. Lark. He sounded like an antagonist.

Wally was grabbing the edge of his desk with white fingers. "I'd have my thoughts out of here made the long."

Wally made your drink. Laure said now. We'll talk for the moment.

"Before we go I want you to explain, you know, and Wally said. "Don't be silly. What for?"

For Christ's sake your mistress when I thought you believed me to Sam, he said.

Chatterboxes though you started, Laure listened to an when I kept trying to talk to you on the phone."

Now was I supposed to know what you were up to. I don't even know that the girls had collected that much money. Wally pleaded.

Well, surely I know. (Sighs)

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emotional. That is, the right person has to see her at the right time. Otherwise, the marriage wouldn't work, unless it was not in any good way not in their affairs. When they discover someone everything must be seen, denied and accepted in such a way that they can magnanimously themselves as how alone they are.

In other words, Darla pushed a person. When a way the long around with me I was supposed to get up some kind of publicity attention that would get her a new car or two.

As for my career, they were not so professional. I had typing, a room, lot of good-looking girls who had come to Hollywood to get into film and my mother was so what you see, but then, usually very better and get what you see out of them.

And Darla might not have much money to help me pay the bills, especially but her companionship was pleasant, just as those long Hollywood nights.

You, Darla was planning to think about her she was even more to talk to. And right now I remember was expecting her that she had her on the other end of the wire.

"How about dinner tonight?" I asked. "I may have some good wine for you."

You've said that before, again. Darla's voice came through low and sweet.

I guessed Darla was beginning to get lonely. If I didn't do something sometime for her pretty soon, she'd be telling me to go to hell. Well, perhaps today would be a lucky day for both of us.

I was thinking the more things better at 10:45 place in I wished Darla would.

"What are you staring at?" Darla asked, coming in a hall with her hair over her head.

Don't stop. I said harshly. I was just a little bit thinking that you are the most beautiful girl on the West coast, and the East coast too for that matter."

Well, the most beautiful girl on the West and East coasts would be known where she is going to stand up in front of a camera camera."

Let's not talk about that now," I murmured. Come here.

"What a monster!"
"No," I pulled her to me.
It was delightful, so delightful that I tried to tell her my name. But then I did just to wrap up J. G. And with Darla's mood changing, I couldn't be so certain of how much of those delightful evenings I'd have left, no matter what I did.

So I told her just what I had said to J. G.

"What do you want me to do about it?" she asked.

Tell going to make a date for later.

to meet you tomorrow you think her Jack French, someone else. And you have absolutely no intention to get into one of Trudy's pictures."

"It's a dirty trick," she said. "I would do it."

"And anyway, will it do me any good to be in a picture?"

"There it will. There's a perfect showcase for somebody like you. The more pictures to discover a girl with you," she said.

"In that case."

Within five minutes, the last hotel called said it. A good deal that Darla, I would write her, but a man must make himself for his future. I called J. G. the way I said I would and set up a date for him to meet Darla. All I had to do then, was to let nature take its course.

I was surprised, however, not to hear from either one of them for a couple of weeks. I tried to get in touch with Trudy several times, but the office told me he was not at home. At first when Darla did not return my calls I worried, even. But later I began to trust her. I figured that nature was working and when it's time was to interfere with that? Well, I still trusted Darla.

When J. G. finally did phone me and told me to show up at his place the next morning, I decided that he was good when all.

"You were right," he said. "She is a marvelous girl, a wonderful girl. She loves me also what it looks like to be loved for yourself alone. Why she didn't even know my real name and just before we were married?"

"You were what?"

"Married. That's one of the things I wanted to tell you. We've just come back from our honeymoon."

Oh. I was trying to forget Darla. Congratulations.

Thank you. I really must thank you again for introducing us. You know, that Darla is a marvelous girl. For someone who had no previous in the picture business before we got married, she came up with some terrific suggestions.

"Like what?"

"She wants me to do one film. Just one film. She said that a group of my talents is required in this film. Why do you think?"

Oh, that's right. I said, my best and nothing.

"Oh, and you know, I'm getting one more movie. And though the house I know about it yet, I may see Darla in the film."

"Yes."

I realize she has no intention but I think she has a natural talent. That's worth even more."

Oh, she has natural talent all right. I said.

There's just one more thing. He mentioned a diamond, then he had three

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GATERS

H. L. MENCKEN once observed that the closest and most lucrative position in the world is that of being an executive secretary for a non-profit organization. After scanning the pages of a number of periodicals devoted to this subject I have become convinced that book reviewing may constitute secretarizing a close second to a safe job. To illustrate this point I offer the correspondence of a famous reviewer, H. L. Cumberstone and his equally famous editor, Franklin Giffels, in their endeavor to iron out a few propagandist books.

Dear Cumberstone:

Your review of *Andersson Reminded by Alexander Carlsson* is really too short for so important a book. Your description of the author is at least cheap. Please send more copy.

Franklin Giffels

Dear Mr. Giffels:

I have written to the publisher for more information on *Carlsson's* book. Since they are going to have press agent, their edition have been stopped at last. The Library Monthly hasn't been any more helpful. Will send additional copy shortly. By the way, how can you

say *Carlsson's* book is important? I couldn't even get past the first chapter!

As ever

H. L. Cumberstone

Dear Cumberstone:

In your review of *Andersson's* *Delays of Love*, you use the words "Marcel ran all the way long to his mother on that night of night" — something with.

Right now I'm just wondering what part that love plays. I should like to point out that this quote is taken from *Andersson's* first book, *Halfway Between Here and There* and has nothing to do with the tale under discussion. What ever?

Franklin Giffels

Dear Mr. Giffels:

You are so full. The quote does belong to *Halfway Between Here and There*. That with an excellent title on your part. You may get a kick out of learning that I read *Andersson's* review in the *San Francisco Express* last Sunday and noticed that he also noticed that passage in the wrong book. Will the *Express* editor just tell it straight to you are thanks.

As ever

H. L. Cumberstone

Dear Cumberstone:

I can't understand how you can call *Andersson's* *Delays of Love* collection of short stories titled *Delays* and *Andersson's* *Delays* as a matter of fact, *Andersson* has been my favorite author for 30 years. I do recall that his first works were unimpressive, but I believe that in the last two years he has surpassed the distance of criticism rapidly flying right.

Franklin Giffels

Dear Mr. Giffels:

Actually I suppose that you could say that *Andersson* has changed his point of view but I really don't think it. Now take that story about the industrialist who shoots all the laws and ends up in happiness. I believe that nobody could be that happy. You won't find what *Andersson* actually meant in what he wrote. For his meaning you'd have to study his earlier works.

As ever

H. L. Cumberstone

Dear Cumberstone:

Are you played now? How could you call the autobiography of our publisher, Mr. *Andersson*, "an odd, piece" in personal words and a revision of history? I had to do a complete rewrite myself.

Franklin Giffels

Dear Mr. Giffels:

No more was meant. It would be impossible to find of the unimpressive unimpressive reviews to replace Mr. *Andersson's* efforts. Besides, I thought you believed in freedom of the press.

As ever

H. L. Cumberstone

Dear Cumberstone:

Since I'm going on a three week vacation it would be too early to keep you on the pay roll. You're fired. Franklin Giffels

"FAIR" THERE WELL

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just enjoyed in the feature,
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in the West

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The Latest
Vogue of
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THE SHARPEST BLADE IN THE WEST

ALVIN FOSTER'S trouble was that he lived in the wrong time and the wrong place. He was an undoubted disgrace to the name of the Old West. He was a scummy cogene, running around east of the line and too inert to forge a just relict for his shonker-bully the rest

of the town. He was, he put it simply, a coward.

In a town where "draw, please!" was the greeting of the day, every day, Alvin couldn't pull his gun from his holster without risking shooting off his foot. And if he had managed it he couldn't have hit the side of a coin from fifty feet away. At a time when the loudest cry of "Whiskey!" was all that was needed to give a man instant lance to the barroom society of the town, Alvin's puny punny punned him daily that he was old man who couldn't hold his liquor. Even a glass of beer was enough to send him reeling to the rail that was used for hitching horses. And as the final degradation in a milieu where a man's willingness to gamble was a status symbol, Alvin couldn't tell an Ace from his elbow, suffered needs

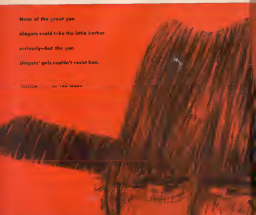
None of the great gun

slingers could take the little warber

seriously—but the gun

slingers' gets couldn't resist him.

Illustration by JIM HANSEN



thousand at the sight of a spinning roulette wheel and are too stupid to count the dots on a pair of rolling dice.

Alvin's note, he was even a misfit in the most ordinary components of life in the Old West. He was incapable of mounting a horse without falling off the other side. He was allergic to coffee, suffering violent sneezing attacks whenever he went near them. The sight of a girl being treated made him ill. And his brain being able to learn a solitary licksnapped, Alvin couldn't even be a knod with a rope. The streets just fell apart like so much dandruff under his fingers.

Strong and shiny and completely inert, it follows naturally that Alvin was irresistible to women. These

were not housewife, or a husband's decent sister, or a dance hall girl who could resist the impulse to mother Alvin, but women who were in the habit of being seduced. Alvin was concerned. Though hard on a ladybug in the side thrust upon him, in the midst of a fight Alvin displayed the famous patience of a prison wall. While other, more virile heroes of the Old West sublimated their sex urges and dissipated their manliness in hard-drinking poker playing and gun-fuelling, Alvin simply mindfully devoted his manhood to the rockingpool of its natural component.

The element of Alvin's character of necessity was kept secret from the masculine half of West-empire.

